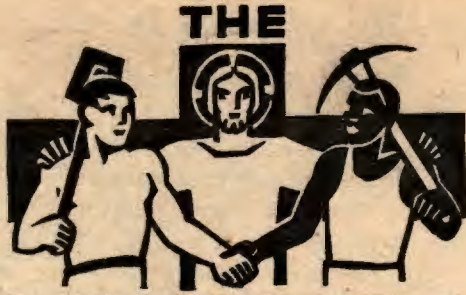


CATHOLIC WORKER



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Industrial Dustbowl

By DAVID MASON

If you are a statistic you don't mind being out of work, but if you are a human being it's bad to be unemployed; it's really bad, and it doesn't help a little bit to be told by the headline writers that there are only "Three-and-a-Half Million Unemployed Throughout Nation," that "Outlook on Jobs Is Called Brighter," or even that "Rising Prices Will Boost Employment in 1950."

The modern habit of thinking of people in statistical terms is one of the worst habits we have acquired in this industrial age. It is bad because it misleads us into an unwarranted optimism and an acceptance of conditions which are wholly unjustifiable because as Christians we must be our brothers' keepers.

Especially bad is the adoption of the statistical viewpoint on a nation-wide scale, which results in our thinking of people as though they were nothing more than pins stuck in a map. This attitude makes it possible for a man writing about unemployment to say:

"Last spring and summer this country had a fit of hysterics about a vastly over-exaggerated job situation. Given a labor force of sixty million, an increase of three to four hundred thousand, or even a million, in the number of unemployed is not of major significance."

That quotation is from an article by William Haber in Survey magazine for November, entitled "Quieting the Unemployment"

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A Lay Apostle

"Catholicism . . . is essentially organic—the social body it aims at building up is constituted by the several groups of men, down indeed to the individual souls; and to these groups and individuals it gives their special, characteristic functions and delicate, irreplaceable interactions. Only such a conception, as it is magnificently pictured by St. Paul, is truly Catholic. A monopoly of all influence—a monopoly also of consultation, preparation, application — by the Clergy is as uncatholic as is every attempt to have no Clergy, no official heads, administrators, teachers and formulators, and no hierarchical subordination." In both cases we get impoverishment; whereas Catholicism is essentially balance, inclusiveness, richness.—Von Hugel.

By ANTHONY ARATARI

On a back page of Father Stedman's Sunday missal, under the heading "My Vocation in Life," there is a plea to Our Lady for help in choosing a way of life. The prayer is Catholic enough, but at the bottom of the page there is a simple sketch dramatizing what, in this regard, might be the dilemma of an average American youth today. A young man stands at the crossroads, three roads branching out from him, one leading to School, one to Commerce, another to the Church. This, to the fully awakened Christian soul, a soul which feels no call to the more formalized modes of relig-

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Anthony Aratari

The Case of Father Duffy

By DOROTHY DAY

How thankful we would be if we could get out of writing about this, could just keep a discreet silence and wait for things to blow over. On the other two sides, we wish they would keep that holy silence. As a philosopher said, keep quiet for three years, and the problem will solve itself. Maybe this particular problem would, but not the problems which gave rise to it. But we have to write about it because great principles are involved.

On the one hand there is the question of obedience. On the other hand there is neglect of the poor, a lack of understanding concerning the needy and the poor. Which sin is the greater? Practically everyone would say the second, because everybody gives lip service to the poor when they

Freedom In Christ

By ROBERT LUDLOW

In a valuable collection of hitherto unpublished essays of Sigmund Freud (edited by Sander Katz-Arts and Science Press, 232 W. 29th St., New York 1, N. Y. \$3) the author speaks of religion as "a universal obsessional neurosis." And since this is the month of the Feast of the Nativity it is relevant that we consider so important a "neurosis" which, since it is universal, must be a normal element in man and in society. I am writing this on the day the Feinberg law was declared unconstitutional in New York State and since I rejoice in that decision and hope the day will come when all mankind is free from persecution, free of the oppression of the State, and free to worship or not to worship God—it is the message of Freedom brought by the divine Jew whose birth we commemorate this month with which I am especially concerned. And with the question of how such freedom is reconcilable to Catholicism. If we are to believe Paul Blanshard or Alvo Manhattan it cannot be so reconciled because Catholicism of its

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don't give hand or foot service. But the question of obedience goes back still further, "to man's first disobedience," and to that great obedience, the folly of the cross, "He was obedient unto death." And on just such obedience, such a folly of love, stands the very life of the Church, and the Church is the Body of Christ, which we love. Though the members rend each other in wars and dissensions, still there is no separation of the head from the members, and to love the one is to love the other.

Americans hate the word obedience, and the only way to look at it is from the supernatural point of view, not from the natural, because it is often folly. This is not to deny that conscience comes first; one must obey the voice of conscience, one must obey God rather than men, as St. Peter himself was the first to say.

And here is one of those delicate problems that drive the rest of the world crazy when they observe the Catholic in his relations to Holy Mother the Church. They point out the scandals in the Church, the mistakes in history, the bad Popes, the Inquisition, the lining up of the Church with temporal power, the concordats, the expediency, the diplomacy, and so on and so on.

Right under one's nose there is always plenty to complain of. Churches, schools, monasteries being built while the municipal lodging house is packed with mothers and children separated from husbands and fathers because of lack of housing; a spreading unemployment; race prejudice amongst Catholics, and priests and sisters, too; antisemitism—oh, yes, there is plenty of scandal.

"The just will be judged first," and the "just" is made up of the lame, the halt and the blind because Christ came to call sinners, and the Church is full of them, in high and low places.

The Church Is the Cross

Guardini said that the Church was the Cross and one could not separate Christ from his Cross. He said, too, that we must learn to live

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Mott Street

On the first Sunday of Advent we finished a thoroughly satisfying three day retreat under the excellent direction of Father Martin Carrabine, S.J., moderator of the Chicago-Inter-Student-Catholic-Action group. During the retreat Father Carrabine gave us four conferences a day from the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, all of which proved to be extremely stimulating and inspiring. About twenty-five or thirty of us made the retreat at our Newburgh farm where the brisk and snappy weather maintained an even tempo with the spiritual conferences. Our youngest retreatant was an eight years old girl Sandra who made her first retreat with us four years ago. The lives of St. Robert Bellarmine; St. Bernadette of Lourdes, and Mr. Blue by Myles Connolly were read aloud during the meals by Charles McCormick, Frank Coyle and Stanley Visnewski. The reading of Mr. Blue our old favorite rekindled numerous memories of our first contact with the Catholic Worker back in 1936. It was then when we first heard of Mr. Blue around the Chicago Catholic Worker. Our retreat with Father Carrabine was so well received by all of us that some suggested that Father come back at some future date and give the full thirty day Ignatian Retreat, the three days seemed so short.

Insecurity

As Christmas rapidly approaches, our thoughts frequently dwell on the trials of the Holy Family, especially on their days preceding the tremendous event of the Birth of Christ. How appalling and terrifying must have been the feeling of insecurity of Mary and Joseph while they were in search of a home where Our Blessed Lady could give birth to Our Infant Jesus. Deprived of a home for the ordinary everyday needs of warmth, food and sleep is horrible enough to contemplate whereas the idea of a pregnant woman lacking a comfortable room where she may

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Voluntary Poverty

"Good Master, what good work shall I do to have eternal life?" the young man asked of Christ.

Jesus answered and told him to keep the commandments, and he told them what they were.

"All these I have kept; what is yet wanting to me?" asked the man sincerely.

Here was someone who was asking Our Lord the way of perfection; and He answered him saying,

"If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come follow me."

Is the advice of the Master to this man so complicated that it needs so much emphasis and clarification?

Jesus told this man (and through him us) that He thought it important to be poor to enter into the kingdom of heaven. He didn't begin to make fine distinctions between who is rich and who is poor. He merely told him to sell all that he had and give it to the needy. To follow Christ, this was necessary, Our Lord made it a prerequisite.

The man apparently was as-

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Seamen Disagree

Frankly speaking our whole interest in the current and continuing rivalry between Joseph Curran and Jack Lawrenson, president and vice-president of the National Maritime Union and the row between the Independent Caucus and the Rank and File Caucus which resulted in some hand to hand fighting in the hall union on Seventeenth Street and the calling in of some hundreds of police during the course of the month, a fight which continued verbally for hours from the floor of the St. Nicholas Arena where membership meetings were held twice during the month—is because it illustrates a point which we have been making ever since The Catholic Worker started. And that is—the importance of man, of each man, for whom Christ died. You can judge a thing's importance by the price paid, and the price paid for man was colossal.

The whole issue throughout the world today is this issue of the common man, the people. On the one hand there is the totalitarian states, the managerial revolution, the imposition by power politics and the most incredible use of force, of ideas and beliefs, all in the name of the good of the people, the physical and yes, spiritual good. And on the other hand there is the belief in the people, their free will, their voluntary acceptance of authority and freedom as something they have reasoned out and accepted and built up for themselves. It is the whole most fought-over field, the problem of

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How Much Government

By IRENE NAUGHTON

Since the riots in Calabria, South Italy, last month, in which several thousand peasants were involved, disturbances on an even grander scale occurred in Sicily. According to the N. Y. Times, thousands of families marched with their oxen and ploughs, invading un-tilled lands. In Corleone, Sicily alone three thousand peasants divided into seven or eight columns which were preceded by the red flags of the local chamber of labor. They immediately set about dividing the seized land among themselves, and in most cases, ploughing it.

On November fifteenth, the de Gasperi government passed a bill redistributing land in Calabria. More than a year and a half ago the government was elected on a platform including agrarian reform. A man might grow many a beard waiting for a politician to redeem his election promises. I speak as an optimist. For usually campaign promises are the only things poor people have to hand on to their children with their debts.

"The land will be provided partly by expropriation and partly by obliging the owners to give it to the peasants on longterm leases with payment in kind. About 110,000 acres of land . . . will be expropriated . . . and given to 5,000 peasant families" and integrated with other tiny holdings. "All owners of more than 750 acres will be obliged to give part of their land to the peasants on long leases."

But let us examine the land bill

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Christmas 1949

A PLEA FOR HOSPITALITY

Here on Mott street we are piled on top of each other in the tenements and the neighborhood is so crowded that our breadlines are part of it, accepted by the neighbors, with poverty, suffering and death. We are a community. St. Joseph's house of hospitality is crowded, in all its 36 rooms and offices, the two stores, the court yard and even the pavement in front of the house. There are young and old, families and single people and all of them are poor, and oftentimes happy because with that poverty of theirs there is a certain solidarity. We all feel a need for solitude of course, but not under these conditions. If we have to have such poverty, the very crowdedness brings with it a sense of human warmth. We all have to take care of each other so there is something to do, and work is more important than bread.

The oldest member of our family is probably Mr. M., and we are not sure of that because we keep no records, and record no ages. He came to us ten years ago, with a little note pinned to him, from a friend, who as a student had become acquainted with our work. There is quite a board bill accumulated by now, even at the rate of ten dollars a week, if we charged anything for our hospitality. But we are the kind of fools that can't say no. There is always enough for one more,—everyone just take a little less. One of these days we will pin a note to one of the family around here and send him out to Manhasset to the friend's estate and ask for a little hospitality there. After all, love is an exchange of gifts, St. Ignatius said.

One of the youngest members of our community, who is six, plays in the settlement house playground across the street, and she came home a few weeks ago saying, "There is no God." This astounding fact had been passed on to her by one of the other children, who pointed out that after all they were deceived about Santa Claus, so why not about God? The sceptic's little brother who is four told her earnestly that it was indeed true that there was a God, that after all, they had prayed for a baby and gotten it, and didn't that prove it? And where did all the babies come from anyway if there was no God? An irrefutable argument.

And as to how we are going to prove to the children that there is a God, in this world of cold war, filled with the misery of the needy and the groaning of the poor, I can think of no better way than that of Juliana of Norwich. "If a man love a creature singularly, above all creatures, he will make all creatures to love and to like that creature that he loveth so greatly."

We want to love God and how can we show it except by a love for His creatures? And the more they come and throng us, the more we should exert ourselves to show hospitality to these brothers of ours, these ambassadors of God, as Peter used to call them. If we were married to a man we loved mightily, and he had much business to transact and had his home thronging with people, and delegates from every nation under the sun, we would be only too pleased to be working night and day to take care of them all, proud of his might and power and influence and generosity. And such service and such activity cannot be anxious, strained and unloving. It is the love which makes it easy and delightful and gives the strength and serenity to do all one has to do, in peace and quiet, as well as one can.

Christmas is a time for children especially and it is they who must be consoled and made happy and joyful. With all the problems of the world pressing on us, we are forced to be happy and loving with the children. No sense in darkening their lives with forebodings of the future or gloom over the present. Our very God himself comes to us at this time as a Child, a baby, helpless and dependent, utterly defenseless and needing the comfort and support of others.

We had a happy Thanksgiving, with the generosity of friends supplying us with food. Not only did a hog come down from our farm, reared and fattened by John Pilliger for the "line," but also a number of turkeys from friends of the work. Two little children had saved their pennies to buy one for us and they came in with their father to bring the gift. One young man with dire sickness and tragedy in his own home, was comforting his own sad heart by bringing a turkey. Food is a symbol of life and we pray his heart was strengthened by this generosity.

We know that Christmas is a time of loneliness for many and we know that the soul will "never have rest till it cometh to Him knowing that He is fulness of joy, homely and courteous, blissful and very life."

And since we must go to Him at this season as to a baby in the stable let us go to Him with gratitude and joy.

"He came not so as to shake the world at the presence of majesty. Not in thunder and lightning as in Sinai. But He descended quietly, no man knowing it." St. John Chrysostom.

Butler wrote, "The thought and foreknowledge of this mystery comforted Adam in his banishment; the promise of it sweetened the pilgrimage of Abraham; it encouraged Jacob to dread no adversary; and Moses to brave all dangers and conquer the difficulties of delivering the Israelites from Egyptian slavery. All the prophets saw it in spirit with Abraham, and they rejoiced."

And St. Peter Chrysologus:

"The letter of a friend is comforting, but his presence is much more welcome; a bond is useful, but the payment is more so; blossoms are pleasing, but only till the fruit appears. The ancient fathers received God's letters, we enjoy His presence; they had the promise, we the accomplishment; they the bond, but we the payment."
We are rich indeed.

Hospitality In Ancient Ireland

"A characteristic of the Irish race for which it has been noted through the ages is its hospitality. In pre-Christian days this quality shone as much as it did in later time. But in later time the virtue was given a sublimely Christian turn. "Christ is in the person of every guest," and "every stranger is Christ," were the sentiments that came to consecrate hospitality.

"As with the Arab, so with the Irish, any one who had partaken of food in one's house, was thereby sacred against harm or hurt from all members of the family. A person of rank had to entertain any stranger without enquiring who or what he was or the wherefore of his coming. Against the coming of unknown guests his door must be open, and his fire must always have on it the "coire ainsec," undry cauldron.

"A guest came when he liked, stayed while he would, and left when he wished. No matter how many the guests that thronged one's house, or how lengthy their sojourn, under no conceivable circumstances could it be intimated to them that they should depart. And, furthermore, under no circumstances, in those times, could or would a guest, departing from any house howsoever poor, so forget the respect due his host, as to offer any kind of compensation.

"In the old Irish poets and writers we find a man reckoned wealthy not by what he has but by what he gives. And the right hand of the generous man was often said to have grown longer than his left.

"In the early days, because in many districts people might be too poor, or travellers too many, for satisfactory private hospitality, there were, at various points throughout the land, public houses of hospitality called bruideans (breens). And the honoured officials who were entrusted with these houses were called Brugh-aids (brewys). A bruidean was always set at the junction of several roads. It had open doors facing every road—and a man stationed on each road to make sure that no one passed unentertained. It had a light burning on the lawn all night.

"The good brughaid was expected to have in his house the three miachs (sacks)—a miach of malt to make refreshment for wayfarers, a miach of wheat to give them food, and a miach of salt, to improve the food's taste. Also the three cheers, the cheer of the strainers straining ale, the cheer of the servers over the cauldron, and the cheer of the young men over the chessboard, winning games from one another.

"The same idea of providing for those who needed it materialized in other directions—as in the case of the very old and dependent. In each territory was an officer called uathne... whose duty it was to provide for such... If the dependent did have kin but did not choose to live as one of them, the uathne was to see that a house was provided for him that must be at least 17 feet long, have 2 doors, a chest... a bed... a kitchen... that he was supplied with... food... milk... His head was to be washed every Saturday, and his body every 20th night. There is displayed a true knowledge of human nature, and a praiseworthy indulgence of the crankiness and abusiveness of the old and dependent, in the wise provision of this law which rules that, contrary to universal custom the uathne can suffer the reddening of his face without disgrace to himself or to his kin."

Reprinted from the story of the Irish Race by Seumas MacManus

Mott Street

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have her child is simply paralyzing to envision. Even as we meditated upon those awful hardships of the Holy Family the ready made formula came quickly to the foreground, "but the poor are used to these things." Too many of us Christians produce the same all effacing argument when we see the very same trials of the poor today. Even though two thousand years of Christianity have passed under the bridge since the Birth of Christ the identical insecurity is still the lot of the poor. But with a slight variation since we now have the Municipal Lodging Houses and the impersonal maternity wards provided by the city which replace the stable at Bethlehem. The warm, tender love of one Christian for another is lacking in such cold institutions as it must when we Christians shirk our responsibility and pass the buck to state institutions. We bar our homes and private hospital rooms to Christ when we prohibit the poor from entering. This action is justified by typically unchristian reasons—such as, the poor are annoying and unpleasant, not to mention unwashed and ill-mannered. During the public life of Christ, His enemies were stating the same charges against Him and His followers.

Wedding

The insecurity of Mary and Joseph has been demonstrated before our eyes on innumerable occasions by both married and single people who come to us for assistance in the way of food, clothing and shelter. One young couple stopped in here on a recent rainy night just a few minutes before supper. He was one of those middle aged looking men of thirty, paunchy and bald. She was a blond young lady of eighteen. They were dressed as only the poor can dress. He wore a crushed seaman's cap and a blue-dyed trench coat. She was covered with a shabby black cloth coat, a trick hat and her feet were encased in patent leather shoes with over-run heels. They asked for a meal and volunteered the item that they had received their marriage license that morning, even produced the certificate for all to see. They sadly explained that they were not married that day since the neighborhood pastor stipulated that it would be necessary for them to wait for three weeks while the marriage bans were published. To them the three weeks delay was incomprehensible but to us the Church showed great wisdom in their case. After all those two individuals had neither job nor home not to mention money. According to their story the girl's mother had requested her to leave home as soon as the planned marriage was announced. We invited them to supper and timidly suggested that they sweat out the three weeks while the marriage bans were being published, in the meantime they should locate a home and a job. The vision of their forthcoming marriage sans home, work, clothing and money was a little too fantastic for our conservative outlook. They were completely unimpressed with our cautious advice and were married the next day at another church. A week later they moved in with us, she in the women's quarters and he in the men's house since we do not have separate quarters for married couples. A couple of days passed during which time they sought jobs and an apartment. Then one night they had a big fight in the dining room at supper which drew the sympathy of the observers to the wife's side. The married couple resented the sympathy since it was mostly offered by one of the colored members of our family. The last time we saw the young couple they were both walking down the street denouncing us for harbouring Colored.

Activities

Tony Aratari, our one true integration of scholar and worker, will open a Catholic Worker craft shop this month in a rented left over

(near Chatham Square. All are invited to attend the courses that Tony will teach in the crafts of weaving, wood carving, book binding and shoe-repairing... John Cogley, editor of Commonweal will commence a series of lectures on the Philosophy of Materialism starting the first Monday of this month and each Monday hereafter for the next ten or twelve weeks... Freddy Rubino whose first article appeared in the October issue of the Catholic Worker entitled, "Youth Betrayed" is being sought after by a nationally known publisher in order to write a book for them as a result of their liking his writing... We recommend to the prayers of our readers our good friend, John Bower, who is ill in the Little Company of Mary Hospital out in Chicago's far southside. John was formerly associated with the Chicago Catholic Worker and has been working with children in his Holy Child house on Chicago's westside for the past ten years... During the past month we have been very fortunate in adding four more members to our group: Helen Butterfield of Cleveland, Don Klein of Milwaukee, Charles McCormack of New York and Isabelle Knollmeyer of Pittsfield, Mass.

The Poor

About a month ago a friend of ours spoke to me about Vito Marcantonio, the recent candidate for Mayor of New York. This visitor is in his middle sixties, very poor and quite ill. He is physically unable to work at present and manages to survive on an unemployment weekly check. This devout Catholic has a tremendous admiration for Marcantonio and told me of the numerous good works that Marcantonio was accomplishing for the poor around Harlem. I was quite impressed and my friend arranged a meeting between Marcantonio and myself. So with a written invitation from the candidate for Mayor, I along with another friend paid a visit to the offices of Marcantonio up on 116th street. We arrived at the bare basement offices of Marcantonio and had a little difficulty in pushing our way up to the secretary's desk. The rooms were jammed with a group of obviously poor Italians, Puerto Ricans and Colored. All of them were sitting very quietly in their chairs waiting for their turn to ask for help. We felt sort of foolish paying a social call when all these poor people were there for dire needs like jobs, homes and food. Consequently we felt somewhat relieved when we learned that the party that we sought was unable to see us due to previous commitments. But the trip proved not to be fruitless because we did see the poor and out-cast jammed into this man's office, all in great expectations of receiving help and understanding. All the denunciations that I had heard about the man passed through my mind as I stood in that office, he has been labeled a Communist sympathizer and a Communist outright. And yet the picture was before me, here were the poor and the social outcasts coming to these offices where they were certain that they would be helped. I felt very deeply that these are the people that we Christians should be vitally concerned with and helping every way possible instead of uselessly attacking those who are aiding them. Certainly these underprivileged brothers in Christ are disinterested in international politics and philosophies while they are cold, hungry and homeless. Whereas they are vitally concerned with their own immediate needs to survive and will look to those who are actually assisting them regardless of the political aspirations of their benefactors. In alleviating the sufferings of these heavily burdened people we should not be motivated primarily out of a fear of Communist or Communist sympathizers but basically out of sheer love of God and our neighbors.

T. Sullivan

Triptych for the Living

By WILLIAM EVERSON

I. THE UNCOUTH

A mild autumn: rain, and the high pastures
Greened again with good verdure. But at solstice
Wind northed for cold; and they brought out the sheep,
Nights crippling, frost in the hollows at dawn,
The wind blowing as out of the depth of a void,
Blowing as out of the nethermost places of earth;
And on the third day, near dusk,
Being come at last to the wilderness edge,
Drew in their flocks, made nightfall there, the sheepherders,
Built weedfire, would go next day
Down to the valleys, warm,
To the sheltered fields,
A more tolerant winter.

For the sheep only. As for them, the herdsmen,
They'd rather hug out the year on a juniper ridge
Than enter now, where the hard-bitten settlers
Fenced their acres; where the merchants
Wheedled the meager gain of summer;
Where the brindled mastiffs
Mauled the wethers. For the sheep were hated;
Themselves were hated. Their ways were of sheep;
They wore the rough skins of sheep;
And the stink of the sheep
Hung everywhere about them.

And they made their weedfire,
Gravely; this for them was the last night.
Tomorrow was the world's,
And the world disdained them.
They had no knowledge of the world.

Nor had they knowledge as yet of the angel.

For these faces were fated.
The fire, in its fletch and dapple,
Fretted the countenance of a humanity
That had demonstrated only the crude capacity to survive:
The brows hardly clefted by thought,
Where hope, as on the face of the ram,
Never had recourse. Something there was about to happen,
As if a soul were to be bestowed,
Where the naked intelligence,
That prime animal aptitude for life
Retained its purity.

And the world, of whom these the uncouth were most despised,
Mocked off the streets to keep the cold night watches there
Over the wilderness-hearted earth,
Dreamed blindly on of the transforming grace
These were now to receive.

II. THE COMING

Straw: and the black bull-trodden
Earth, where the cow had bled
Of the womb-blind calf, where the shuddering ewe
Had bled, in the beast's fortuity,
The beast's groan.

It too, it also: birth,
Like death, ravenous—
An unspeakable rank fertility of earth
Splitting its pod—
But this time a difference.
That lull in the air, that lapse!
As if the great device of the flesh,
The need of the flesh
Made flesh, the flesh
Founded forever upon the flesh,
Blood on the blood—
As if, on that instant, the stroke was checked,
And the flame sprang through,
Purely, between the forces of the pang,
Hued with the flush of Godhead,
Set round with the tongues of angels,
Burning and flashing
In the strewn litter
On the somber floor.

Nor would that night contain it.
There was an age, insurgent,
Scrawled on the stonework of the temple wall.
There was the massive aftermath
Flanked with the doom of kings,
And the purple death
Spored in the bowels of Empire.
There was the powerful regrouping of the mind,
Where the sotted puppets
Snored on their grosser thrones.
That. And the bare power,
Which is love, forged now, in the frightened human soul,
As the force of a love, larger than it,
Swells the wizened heart
To the stature of a faith.

Birth, like death,
Transcended. The blood
Burned out of the stable floor.
Outside, the oxen and the ass
Crunch their corn. But the man,
The man, seized in that vortex,
Breaks on his knees
And prays.

III. THE WISE

Miles across the turbulent kingdoms
They came for it, but that was nothing,
That was the least. Drunk with vision,
Rain stringing the ragged beards,

When a beast lamed they caught up another
And goaded west.

For the time was on them.
Once, as it may, in the life of a man;
Once, as it was, in the life of mankind,
All is corrected. And their years of pursuit,
Raw-eyed reading the wrong texts,
Charting the doubtful calculations,
Those nights knotted with thought,
When dawn held off, and the rooster
Rattled the leaves with his blind assertion—
All that, they regarded, under the Sign,
No longer as search but as preparation.
For when the mark was made they saw it.
Nor stopped to reckon the fallible years,
But rejoiced and followed,
And are called wise, who learned that Truth,
When sought and at last seen,
Is never found. It is given.

And they brought their camels
Breakneck into that village,
And flung themselves down in the dung and dirt of that place,
And kissed that ground, and the tears
Ran on the face where the rain had.

Voluntary Poverty

(Continued from page 1)

sured of his salvation, since he kept the commandments, but he sought perfection. The ideal of perfection requires us to love God above all worldly goods, in the concrete. This is the important thing, and it means that we give of our abundance to the poor, whom God loves most, who are other Christs, and thus eventually become poor like them. You see perfection, like charity, is a terrible thing, in practice; it is a never ending chain in which each link is named "more."

Were it a matter of quoting the New Testament I think we could fill many pages with the teachings of Christ on riches. However, the best example that we could take would be to look at the entire life of Christ. All the days that He spent on this earth, He lived as a poor man. This meant that He did without the luxuries of life; He did without material security, that He was considered in the eyes of the poor a nobody. It meant for Him an association with the "deep down things" of life. The things that make people more human, like having to sweep up after the day's work, calloused hands, the fatigue that comes from manual labor and the companionship of simple, hard working people. He came down from heaven, to show us the way, so he became a poor man.

So you see to imitate the life of Christ, which we are obligated to do, how can we overlook so necessary a part as His poverty? If we look at the lives of the saints we find that they didn't overlook it. The Church has a tremendous heritage of sanctity, which is made up of people who embraced poverty; of people who were not deluded by the shadows of large material possessions. Can anyone imagine a lavish, a wealthy St. Francis?

But what is the nature of poverty? Is it an evil, or is it a state of life to be sought after? Well again we turn to the life of the Master and we find the answer in the way the Holy Family lived at Nazareth. They had the proper necessities; enough food to keep body and soul together, enough clothes, but none of the luxuries of life. You see frugal living not

destitution is poverty. It cleanses from the power of luxuries to kill unselfishness and true love of fellow man. It allows grace to work, free from sensuality. We need dynamic human beings. I have never seen a wealthy, comfortable living person being dynamic. Their capacity for being such is constantly being neutralized.

We are living in a time of crisis, in a time of selfishness and materialism, in a time of great wars and stunted minds. This is an age of perverted happiness, that has risen from the nonsensical manufacture of baubles. The mass assembly lines with their roaring cries of monotony, belch them forth and we all buy, and deny the needy, to possess. No longer can we slumber, for the time is nigh; we are inundated with the world, the flesh and the devil. Poverty today has outgrown the stage of a counsel and has become a necessity.

Like birth control the accumulation of riches by individuals saps the strength that could go into the making of a better and holier society. This private acquisition of material good, dwarfs the economic liberty of man. Today in our world we have not cooperation but struggle, not union but competition.

The existing institutions of our society today are like a huge wine-press, from which flows the ruddy mixture of human dignity and freedom. The constant pressure is produced by the age old human weakness, to want to possess. Everyone wants as Peter Maurin said, "To be better off." As a result we are all degraded and forced to compete with each other, and to step on each other. The love of brother for brother, is hemmed in and made uncomfortable in such an atmosphere. However, the person who wants to be voluntarily poor, refuses to compete, accepts the lesser part and thus helps to shape a world which will be in-keeping with the true spirit of Christianity. For in accepting less, he wants others to have more. In accepting little of this world's goods, he is better equipped to fight for social justice.

Poverty is also pertinent to the lay apostolate. Without it we become dogmatic snobs, and will fail to reach the masses. How can we spread the doctrine of love among the poor when we have more than they, and thus are not living that love? How can we convert them unless we live amongst them? St. Vincent de Paul went at first to the rich for aid, but then he realized that "only the poor can convert the poor." The poor man will only believe the words of another poor man, who is the same "stuff" as he, the rich are only yessed. We cannot preach the restoration of all things in Christ, when we ourselves are living lives that make it necessary to preach the restoration of all things in Christ.

The world cries out for reform, where are all the poor men who can do the job?

FRED RUBINO.

Cross Country

Last month, as many of our readers know, I left the Catholic Worker house on Mott Street to try to establish a House of Hospitality in Oakland, California. I started out with only an idea and a prayer and I solicit more of both from our friends. I have been more than a month enroute and am now within four hundred miles of my destination. I have much to tell of my long trip, of the places I visited, and of the many people I interviewed. But I feel frustrated in this attempt.

HERMAN, PA.

I was deeply impressed and edified by the more abundant and less spectacular virtue I encountered all along the way. I was received with real Christian hospitality by Jack Thornton and his wife Mary and Jerry Griffin at their farm in Herman, Pennsylvania. These Catholic Workers of many years are living daily the heroic virtues so often written about in the CATHOLIC WORKER. They arise at five o'clock and do the farm chores, attend daily Mass at the Church of the Capuchin Fathers whose property adjoins their farm. Mary goes home to take care of the house and their two children, Mary Ann and Timothy, and to bake the bread, churn the butter, feed the chickens and all the myriad tasks that more than fill the day of the farm-housewife and mother. Jack and Jerry besides efficiently operating the large farm work out in order to try to pay for the farm; Jack works for the Department of Welfare and Jerry as janitor in the parochial school. After supper there are more chores to be done and then they recite the rosary together and retire at nine o'clock. Mary devotes what sparetime she can manage to indoctrinating the neighbors. Their rural community is almost 100% Catholic. Nearby is Christ the King Center for Men which I visited and where I met Mr. Carl Bauer.

AVON, OHIO

What I have said about Jack and Mary Thornton applies equally for Bill and Dorothy Gauchat. I spent several days at Our Lady of the Wayside Farm at Avon, Ohio. The Gauchats have five children, four girls, two in school, and a baby boy. To augment the slender farm income for such a large family Bill Gauchat drives a school bus and works full time for a feed company. And of course he does all his own farm work alone. Bill and Dorothy demonstrate the Catholic Worker principles to an heroic degree. On their farm they have two other large houses where they shelter, rent free, two Mexican families and two Negro families. Beside the manifold duties of her own household with the five children, baking bread, churning butter, and sewing, Dorothy Gauchat helps her guests with their children, provides milk for their children, teaches the parents English and has taken into her own home two unwed mothers, has cared for their babies when they arrived, has taken in orphan children, and even an hydrocephalic which required a great deal of extra care. Bill and Dorothy supervise the Cleveland Catholic Worker House, attend literary discussions, participate in all the parish activities, start each day by Mass and close it with the rosary, and in their spare time they make Christmas Cards and rosaries and are writing illustrated books of verse for children. With all of this Dorothy has the time and grace to be youthful and beautiful and Bill to be a doting father to his children and patient companion with any and all wayfarers who pass by. Both Mary Thornton and Dorothy Gauchat told me they are anxious to have other Christian families join them

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New Year's Week-End

"All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God." Ps. 97, 3.

We invite all our readers to join in a communal celebration of the Incarnation at Maryfarm over the Feast of the Circumcision. Father Gregory Smith, O. Carm., will direct the week-end. All interested should write Jane O'Donnell at Maryfarm, R. 3, Newburgh, N. Y., to make a reservation. Wear warm clothing and bring a blanket if you can. Opening conference, Friday night, Dec. 30, at 8:30 closing at one o'clock dinner Monday, Jan. 2.

The Case of Father Duffy

(Continued from page 1)

in a state of permanent dissatisfaction and impatience with the Church. We have to suffer and hang our heads at all the accusations made against us. We are all guilty, we all make up the Body of Christ. And we must suffer with bitterness, the Little Flower said, if need be, and without courage, and that is what makes the suffering especially keen.

And that is what Fr. Clarence Duffy is doing, he is suffering in a great and terrible anguish, living with the poor as he has always done, and he is not patient with his suffering, because as I explained in the last issue of the paper he is not a patient man, and he is trying to preach from any platform where he will be heard, and in this last month, that was a platform up in Lawrence, Massachusetts, where a plain clothes man, off duty, threw an egg at him, this priest who was speaking of very real problems of war and peace, of unemployment and housing, of race prejudice, and of the need of all men to work together.

Father Duffy is acting in good conscience. He has leave of absence from his Bishop in Ireland, he has a "celebret" from him which states that he is a priest in good standing and that he has permission to leave his diocese. He cannot be termed a "runaway priest" or one who is "out of his diocese" in a bad sense.

But the situation is more complicated in that Fr. Duffy's Bishop is dead these last few months and no new one has been appointed. He cannot be reached to rescind his permission to Fr. Duffy, nor to take from him his "celebret." No other Bishop has the authority to do that. On the other hand, a priest cannot continue to say Mass according to the usages of the Church without the permission of the Bishop in whose diocese he is staying. At other freer times in the history of the Church priests and friars could wander around from diocese to diocese and preach to the populace.

Fr. Duffy has never been a priest of the diocese of New York, nor is he listed in the official directory of priests. But he has been given "faculties to say Mass," and has been saying Mass in our own neighboring Church and of late years in a Church up town. In order not to embarrass the pastor in whose Church he has been saying Mass he is now saying it privately.

How technically right Fr. Duffy may be, we do not know. We do know how in the history of the Church, a St. John of the Cross, a St. Teresa of Avila, were always getting around their superiors in one way or another in order to do or effect what they considered necessary for the times. Over and over again in the history of the Church in the lives of the saints there have been these struggles within the Church. We hate to see them used against her.

At the same time we have seen, to our grief and shame, priests and prelates sitting on the platform with a Mayor Hague, and other politicians and receiving no rebuke from the Chancery offices of their diocese.

There is nothing wrong in what Fr. Duffy had to say. We have been saying those things for the past seventeen years. We would add more, and that is that no political party, no political action, but only revolutionary personalist direct action on the part of the workers (and non-violent action which entails the most discipline and suffering) is going to get anywhere. But fundamentally Fr. Duffy knows that.

He knows all the factions that

exist and have always existed in radical circles. He knows that his brand of agrarian socialism is a kind always fought and hated by the Marxists with their dictatorship of the proletariat. He knows that he is being used, as the agrarian socialists were used by Lenin to help him into power, when the radical trade unions of the cities worked against him.

But as he likes to point out with Abbe Boulier who was rebuked for being on the platform with communists, "Your Eminence, the Communists are on the platform with me, not I with them." There is a clerical touch to this little joke, not an arrogance, but a realization of the dignity of the priesthood.

Fr. Duffy epitomizes the hunger of many young priests throughout the country, for freedom to throw themselves into active work with the poor, and with organized Labor. They would like to live with the poor, not in the magnificent rectories that have gone up in these last few generations in our great cities. In the mission sections the priests are still living in poverty and trying to build churches. Fr. Duffy highlights the widespread neglect of social problems because in spite of labor schools and the few labor Bishops we point to with pride, every beginning of recognition of the problems of the day is met with opposition. We could cite instance after instance of young priests trying to work with labor and being clamped down upon, sent away, silenced, sneered at. They also have been suppressed by being put in positions of greater authority and responsibilities so that in order to accomplish their duties they have had to neglect the interests closer to their hearts.

Our Own Guilt

E. I. Watkin's essay on clerical materialism in *The Catholic Center* is a good illustration of the trouble of the day. And it is a trouble indeed. Believing as we do in the Mystical Body of Christ, for every expensive convent and monastery and school and rectory being built in this country, for every luxury which has come to be considered a necessity by our people in America, we may hold ourselves responsible for the persecution of priests and nuns in other parts of the world. And I do know that the great mass of priests and seminarians and nuns look upon them as the lucky ones who are counted worthy to shed their blood for Christ.

Persecution is deserved and undeserved. "And it must needs be that scandals come but woe to those by whom they come." "Woe to the shepherds that feed themselves and not their sheep."

Yes, God is making a point no doubt, and using Father Duffy with all his faults to do it. But in saying this we do recognize that besides this problem there is that other. We recognize and accept the authority of the Church as we do that of Christ himself. Our Holy Father the Pope is our dear sweet Christ on earth, as St. Catherine called him, even when she was pointing out with the liberty of a saint, how wrong he was at the time, in his conduct of temporal affairs.

We accept the authority of the Church but we wonder why it shows itself in such strange ways. At the same time that Fr. Duffy is corrected (after the Lawrence incident through the columns of the *Daily News* and the *World Telegram* in New York) other priests and sisters, in another state, also engaged in political activity, handing out posters and leaflets to school children and parishioners, to vote for a candidate that favors bingo, are actually directed to that activity by authority rather than corrected for it.

We respect the agony of frustration of Fr. Duffy, but at the same time, we remember with St. Paul, "how can they preach unless they be sent." And Fr. Duffy has

not been sent. We are obliged to conform to Christ even in Christ's folly. He submitted to the injustices, the mistakes, the crimes committed against Him, and against St. John the Baptist. He submitted even to be termed a lamb led to the slaughter, and He was King of the whole world.

Fr. Duffy is a priest, and at his ordination, he placed his hands in the hands of his bishop as a serf does with his liege lord, and promises obedience. It is a symbol of something. It is seeing Christ in the Church. Just as a wife is obliged to see Christ in her husband. We write these things for the instruction of our communist brothers, though they cannot understand the faith which alone makes it possible to hold this view.

We, on the other hand, are the laity. We have a freedom not granted to priests who are under orders. If Fr. Duffy is plunging ahead and making mistakes now, it is because we, as lay people have not gone ahead and led the way, working from the bottom up, expressing the longings and aspirations and yes, rebellion, of all the people. He is paying for our sins of omission.

Bishop O'Hara once said to Peter Maurin, "Peter, you lead the way, we will follow." The work that we must do, in addition to all the other works of mercy, is to enlighten the laity, to educate, to call attention to the conditions that exist, to arouse the conscience, to start the personal-



O TEMPLE
IN WHICH
GOD WAS
MADE A PRIEST

ist and communitarian revolution, as Peter used to call it, or the pacifist-distributist-anarchist movement as Bob Ludlow terms it.

(The word anarchist is deliberately and repeatedly used in order to awaken our readers to the necessity of combatting the "all encroaching" state, as our Bishops have termed it, and to shock serious students into looking into the possibility of another society, an order, made up of associations, guilds, unions, communes, parishes—voluntary associations of men, on regional or national lines, where there is a possibility of liberty and responsibility for all men.)

Those are ideas which can be shouted from any platform, and we are hoping that Fr. Duffy will be allowed, by some strange freak of Providence, to go on doing it.

And then, strangely enough, he will find—exemplifying the liberty of the Church as he would be doing, that he will no longer have the chance to do so. Given permission by his own bishop, making no split between people and the hierarchy, no longer held up as a martyr, emphasizing as he must do, and does do at all times, that he cannot approve of Marxist materialism and centralization, he will soon perforce go back to cultivating his garden, a piece of land given him by one of his Irish seamen friends, and so remain in quiet until some other opportunity is given him to play a part, as he probably always will do, in the history of our times.

Freedom In Christ

(Continued from page 1)

nature is oppressive and totalitarian. And it must be conceded that when Catholics align themselves with reaction and favor all means possible to combat those with whom we disagree, that the semblance of truth is given to the Blanshard - Manhattan charges. Cardinal Newman remarked that truth can be contained in such a false wrapper that, for all practical purposes, it is error. And so, when Catholicism is reduced to a political party, or to a regime or to a cultural phenomena, it conceals the respect for man's freedom which is an inseparable part of the Faith. Such political manifestations are more dangerous to the Church than any external enemy could ever be. Our greatest enemies are in the household of the Faith. We may be among them.

Common Good

Those who persecute, in or out of the Church, do so because they think it is reasonable. They do so in the name of the common good—to protect the people from error. A reasonable case can be made for the Inquisition. That is if you ignore the nature of man, or the ways of God, or the respect due personality. Do we believe in revelation without a predisposition to believe? Newman has treated the subject exhaustively in *Grammar of Assent* and he answers in the negative. St. Thomas summarizes it in one sentence. "For the intellect," he states, "assents to the truth of faith, not as convinced by reason, but as commanded by the will, hence Augustine says, no one believes except willingly" (Action of the Angels on Man: Reply Obj. 1). But the will of man is sacrosanct in the eyes of God so that He does not force it. For again St. Thomas declares "a thing moved by another is forced if moved against its natural inclination; but if it is moved by another giving to it the proper natural inclination, it is not forced. In like manner God, while moving the will, does not force it, because He gives the will its own natural inclination." (Whether God can Move the Created Will: Reply Obj. 1). Why do men who worship such a God persecute? "Indeed you know not of what spirit you are." There is no call, in the name of orthodoxy, in the name of the common good, to do violence to man's freedom. God refuses to do so, why must we assume to ourselves a more severe role than God? Do we flatter ourselves that we are more concerned with truth than He is? Do we perhaps think that through some divine modesty He refrains from compelling man to accept truth? That we will do the compelling for Him? We must be grateful for the statement of Father J. Aves Correia (Commonweal, Nov. 11, '49) wherein he rejects even the reasoning of those who would advocate repression of dissident groups should "we" gain control. "Error," he states, "is nobody; it is not a person. Now persons, even when in error, really and sincerely, have not only the right but the duty to follow their conscience. This is not an invention of the Liberals. It is the unanimous teaching of Christian ethicists. Therefore, to persecute or to silence by force sincere dissenters, for the sake of unity, order, or inviolability of the true faith, is pure Machiavellianism; it is to do evil for the sake of good." Then Father Correia states that judgment belongs to God, so that it but remains for us to respect the conscience of all men—to persecute no one.

I am aware that there are those who will accept the Catholic teaching on the duty of all men to follow their conscience, even though it be erroneous, and then turn around and, in the name of the Aristotelian concept of the common good, will justify measures which make it impossible for dissident elements to follow their conscience. Or will penalize them for so doing. These men forget

that the disruption of a common unity is a lesser evil than mortal sin. And yet God will not interfere with man's freedom even to prevent mortal sin. Why should we not rather imitate God in this, than the prudential ethics of Aristotle? Why should we insist on political and social unity when God permits the disruption of the Mystical Body of Christ by sin rather than destroy liberty? We will advance the Faith, will aid in the conversion of mankind to Catholicism only as we respect man's liberty, only as we rely on the grace of God, on the inherent truth of Catholicism, on the appeal of Christ to the consciences of men. We will dispense with the State as an auxiliary in furthering the Faith, for we will be non-violent. Nor will we go to war, for we will realize a superior ethics which outlaws it, we will realize that war is the attempt of one national group to force the will of another group. We will find no difficulty in giving up such means and we will find no incompatibility with the Faith in, doing so. For, as Father Luigi Sturzo remarks, "To the objection that the wars of the ancient Hebrews were legitimate and that 'God willed' the Crusades, it must be answered that Moses authorized family vengeance (Numbers iii), that polygamy was accepted by Abraham, that slavery was in use among the ancient Hebrews. If the abolition of such practices has done no violence to Holy Scriptures, the same may be said of the abolition of war." (Quoted p. 26, ST. THOMAS AND THE WORLD STATE, by Robert M. Hutchins, Marquette University Press.)

Transcendent

Man is capable of deriving values from transcendent sources. If it were not so he would have no conception of universals. There are relative absolutes which derive sanction as absolutes from God. Freedom is one of these. It is such because God wills it to be such, because He, Himself, will not destroy it. As a transcendent value it derives validity, not from the concessions of men, so that they may justly withdraw it when they see fit, but from God who wills that men come to Him in freedom or do not come at all. And it is not for us to force the issue—it is not for us to demand that our neighbors believe in God or suffer penalties from the State. It is not for us to make life impossible for those who disagree with us by seeking legislation to prohibit their writings or to close their places of meeting. Rather it is for us to live as Christ would have us live and, if we be persecuted, not to reply in kind but contrarywise.

The mark of Jesus Christ is the mark of a free man. We retain that freedom insofar as we progress beyond the bondage of sin and the justice of the Old Dispensation and the law of nature. For Christ elevated nature to partake of divinity. And freedom, under Christ, is of transcendental worth and not a matter of expediency. In the collect of the third Mass of the Nativity we pray, "Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that the new birth, through the flesh, of Thine only begotten Son, may set us free, whom the old bondage doth hold under the yoke of sin."

"APPEAL"

Schwester Superior
Klein Stilla-Heim
13a, Wolframs-Eschenbach
Bavaria, Mittelfranken,
Germany, U. S. Zone.

Miss Kazimiera Berkan
Poznan
Grunwaldzka 125
Poland

Mrs. Hilda Uihorn
Wasserburg 14B
am Bodensee
English Zone, Germany.
(has small baby)

How Much Government

(Continued from page 1)

that the government has suddenly brought out of committee, and passed—for necessity is the mother of invention, and there's nothing like a bayonet at your back to make you see the handwriting on the wall.

Expropriation

The use of expropriation is absolutely necessary for social justice. What it amounts to is the taking of excessive private property from the so-called rightful owner ("a rogue or a rogue's heir," according to St. Jerome) to give it to someone whose natural right to the earth has been denied. But the allowing of 750 acres of private property is in fact ridiculous.

What right has a man to 750 acres when there are other men in that same country who have not enough land to support themselves and their families? One of the collectivist farms in Russia visited by Lieut. Gen. Walter Bedell Smith ("My Three Years in Moscow," running serially in the N. Y. Times), consisted of 1,151 acres, 477 in cultivation, and supported 370 men, women and children. Smith writes of them, "These people had enough to eat. They always would have enough to eat, and a roof for shelter and fuel and warmth." This means that the 750 acres each left to private proprietors in Italy should be able to support well over two hundred people.

Moreover, if the Communists have accepted this compromise of partial expropriation, for communists organized the peasants to achieve this social justice, we should know that their long-range land policy is a different one. To quote Smith again: "The great farm estates (in Russia after the 1917 Revolution) were divided into small farm plots of a few acres each and given to those who had formerly worked them for landlords. . . . Gradually the inefficient and improvident among them began to sell or leave their land to more efficient neighbors, and there grew up again a new class of more prosperous farmers who began to employ labor. During the early years. . . . Lenin tolerated these Kulaks. . . . so that the State might survive. But as soon as the State was strong enough, liquidation of. . . 'small capitalists' began. The small independent farmers were destroyed as a class, and the small farms were combined with large collective and state farms."

Exploiting Class

The Communist principle that the hiring of labor is the function of an exploiting class is a sound one. They had a great contempt for these small capitalists, these petty bourgeois, who hired one or two men, and who historically have been and are, outstanding as an oppressor class.

There is no doubt that Communist economic ideas are far more Christian than are capitalist, they really combat a poverty that breaks every heart that loves at all. But again they bring about a social order that reminds me of Emanuel Mounier's words in *The Personalist Manifesto*, that the new social order is characterized not so much by poverty as oppression.

All-Encroaching State

This oppression, this asthmatic weight on the hearts of all free men, is the modern State. What we are trying to make clear by the term Christian Anarchism, what runs through all Ignazio Silone's novels, and the writings of Carlo Levi, is the fact that the hereditary enemy, the social and economic mechanism which oppresses man, is today not Communism, as everyone believes, but a more general thing present in Communism, Capitalism, Fascism, Socialism, in any government where two things are present, a vast incubus of government employees supported by an overworked dwindling number of productive workers, and a conception of the State as an entity transcending the individual, and having any right to coerce his conscience.

Carlo Levi, who writes of South Italy in his book, "Christ Stopped at Eboli," tells of the poverty of the peasants, the poverty that has driven a despairing and starving people to revolt, but he writes also that their problem, and the problem of the world, is essentially the problem of the State. At the end of the book, he sums up the anarchist position to which he was led after a year of exile under the Fascists in Lucania.

Two civilizations confront each other, the peasant who is used to doing things for himself, and the city-dweller who depends on the State, and leaves the initiative to it. "At bottom, as I now perceived they were all unconscious worshippers of the State," (both his conservative and radical friends who claimed to have meditated upon the problem of the South). "Whether the State they worshipped was the Fascist State or the incarnation of quite another dream, they thought of it as something that transcended both its citizens and their lives. Whether it was tyrannical or paternalistic, dictatorial or democratic, it remained to them monolithic, centralized, and remote. . . . All of them agreed that the State should do something about it" (the problem of South Italy), "something concretely useful and beneficent and legislative, and they were shocked when I told them that the State, as they conceived it, was the greatest obstacle to the accomplishment of anything. The State, I said, cannot solve the problem of the South, because the problem which we call by this name is none other than the problem of the State itself. . . .

"In a middle-class country like Italy. . . it is probable, alas, that the new institutions arising after Fascism, through either gradual evolution or violence, no matter how extreme and revolutionary they may be in appearance, will maintain the same ideology under different forms and create a new State equally far removed from real life, equally idolatrous and abstract, a perpetuation under new slogans and new flags of the worst features of the eternal tendency toward Fascism. . . . We must make ourselves capable of inventing a new form of government, neither Fascist, nor Communist, nor even Liberal, for all three of these are forms of the religion of the State. . . . The individual and the State coincide in theory and they must be made to coincide in practice as well, if they are to survive. . . .

Self-Government

"The name of this way out is autonomy. The State can only be a group of autonomies, an organic federation. The unit or cell through which the peasants can take part in the complex life of the nation must be the autonomous or self-governing rural community. . . . But the autonomy or self-government of the community cannot exist without the autonomy of the factory, the school, and the city, of every form of social life."

Now the principles of anarchism, the principle of freedom, and that property is common with private property only as a tool to be used or thrown in the junk heap, according as it serves the natural right of all men to the goods of the earth—these principles are to be learned from the natural law. But at the same time the good natural man who might be expected to attain such an order is a non-existent abstraction, a reality in logic only, never existing in flesh and blood. Hence such a good social order is unobtainable without the help of grace, that is without the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

A Sign of Contradiction

We would expect then that Christianity would be the guarantee of such a social order, for it would take Christian heroism, poverty, and anarchism to go against the established order, historically unjust, to establish this justice. Where then do we find such men, whose lives are a sign of contradiction to authority, just as Jesus

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Von Hugel: A Lay Apostle

(Continued from page 1)

ious life and yet is alert to the wonderful prodigality and variety of a self-giving, loving God, is truly a dreary alternative. The good Christ promised life and more life—He said that in His Father's House there are many mansions; surely, we can learn something of these mansions while still on earth and maybe even begin living in them.

It might be said that things are changing: now there is a lay apostolate. The fact is that a good bulk of the Church in America, including both clergy and laity, are hardly aware of this apostolate and when aware some, as in the case of our families and friends, do not understand it.

We even hear that this is the age of the lay apostolate, that we are growing into a status in the Church. This may be so, but the prophecy smacks of that blight of our time: self-consciousness. One can be sure that St. Benedict did not go about in the Fourth century announcing that it was the age of the foundation of monasteries. There is one great consoling fact, however, that at the deepest level of our Catholic Faith, from Pentecost onwards, there has always been a lay apostolate and of the most persuasive kind—

trouery, his books were never put on the Index.

Incarnational

Actually, to read him and of him is to come into the presence of a real man, a profoundly Catholic personality; active, intellectual, mystical, a man whose approach to sanctity was incarnational and, therefore, richly human. A passage from a paper entitled "What Do We Mean by Heaven? And What Do We Mean by Hell?" in his First Series of Essays and Addresses, is a beautiful illustration of this, his incarnational approach.

"We must guard against excluding all Nature from Heaven. Man, without a certain amount of Nature as his substratum, would cease to be a creature at all, and would be God; and man without a certain amount of his own human nature would cease to be a man at all, and would be really an angel or some other non-human creature. And yet it is certain that man is to save or to lose his soul, to be Heaven or in Hell, assuredly not as God, yet also not as angel, but as man. We certainly do not know precisely how much of the Nature of man will be thus preserved, and with what expansions, perfectionings, utilizations. . . . We can easily show that the entire Christian outlook requires such a preservation of a certain



Mary Whelan

Christ revealing Himself through men and women grown up to the Divine idea of themselves; rich, mobile creatures, impelled by love, laymen and laywomen who were also saints.

Monica

There is Monica, the mother of Augustine, easily her son's equal in that memorable scene described in the *Confessions* where they were leaning out of the window together at Ostia and conversing of Eternal Life; St. Louis of France, seated under a tree, dispensing justice to his subjects; St. Catherine of Siena scolding the Pope for his lack of courage; Blessed Marger Clitherow praying for her executioners and leaving her husband and children behind; St. Thomas More in prison studying and praying over the importance of the Bishop of Rome to the Christian Church, and Baron Friedrich von Hugel, a layman, exploring the regions of Philosophy, Theology and Mysticism yet saying his rosary so as not to lose touch with the devotion of the ordinary man.

Perhaps you have never heard of Von Hugel. He is not a canonized saint. His writings are not widely known, for they are often difficult reading, not to speak of their cerebral subject matter, and the bold impartiality which characterizes them did not make them popular at Rome—he was strictly on his own, alone, following a way, to use his own words, "pathetically unique." While he loyally submitted all his endeavors "to the judgment of the Catholic Church," he never asked for an out and out imprimatur for his work and it was said when he died in 1925, that certain of his propositions would not have gotten an imprimatur had he asked for it. And yet, though he involved himself somewhat in the Modernist con-

substratum of Nature, and indeed some kind and degree of resurrection of the body. For Nature, in this outlook, is, as to its essentials good in and for itself; and it is still better in and for Supernature. 'Grace does not abolish Nature, but perfects it' is the fundamental axiom of all the teaching of Aquinas. And hence, as leavened bread cannot exist without the meal, or salt water without the salt; this particular bread, without this its particular meal, and this particular salt water, without this its particular salt: so neither can supernaturalized man exist without human nature; this particular man, without this his particular Nature. Thus in Heaven each soul will retain the essentials of its particular Nature, expanded, completed, elevated by its particular Supernature, as this Supernature has now and there found its final form and fullness. . . .

Life

He was born in 1852, at Florence, Italy, where his father was the Austrian ambassador to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany; his mother was the daughter of a Scottish General and a convert to the Faith. He left Italy when he was eight-years old, but that land which like no other has taken to its heart the humanity of Jesus must have made an impression on him, for he has something of its richness about him and in a dedication of one of his books to Dante, he calls himself "his fellow Florentine."

He was privately educated in a variety of subjects and never took a degree (he received two honorary degrees). After a time in Austria, his family finally settled in England, where he married and had three daughters. He loved his wife and children dearly.

At one period of his life, Von

Hugel was in a precarious psychological condition. He claims to have brooded too much, been over scrupulous. And he suffered from insomnia and depression. No doubt his highly intellectual pursuits were a strain on his sensitive nature; he took up the study of Geology as a relaxation from his theoretical studies. It was the Abbe Huvelin, a great French spiritual director of the nineteenth century, a holy man who preferred to write in souls (Charles de Foucauld, the desert hermit, was one) rather than express himself in print, who directed him "with great gentleness into a definite course." About his work, which was an "attempt to combine a faithful practice of religion with an historical analysis and philosophical presentation of it," the Abbe said to him, "There is no safe rule in critical studies: prayer and docility—that is all." And Von Hugel must have taken him at his word, for his writings are penetrated with a deep piety and humility.

Prayer was a basic fact about this man, as it must be about every true follower of Jesus. His life of prayer undoubtedly helped to create his profound consciousness and attachment to Reality, the Supreme and the lesser wherever it was found. Writing in the Twenty-fifth Anniversary issue of the "Commonweal," Jacques Maritain criticizes the functioning of the modern intellect: "We go to meet reality with a gush of formulas." He says, "We take more interest in verifying the validity of the signs and symbols we have manufactured than in nourishing ourselves with the truth they reveal." Von Hugel had the ability to receive, he knelt before reality. To him, words such as adoration, humility, truthfulness, purity and joy were not only signs but realities to be known, desired, loved and made one's own. Here it would be good to quote his remarks on holiness: ". . . holiness consists primarily, not in the absence of faults, but in the presence of spiritual force, in Love creative, Love triumphant—the soul becoming flame rather than snow, and dwelling upon what to do, give and be, rather than upon what to shun."

One feels that he tried to be holy in that way; he lived in no ivory tower. In the particular arena he chose for himself, he fought the good fight. When his friends, Father Tyrrell and Lois, were excommunicated for persisting in the Modernist heresy, Von Hugel stood by them, helped with money and, through friends, championed them at Rome. In the case of Tyrrell, he tried to persuade him to submit with reservations, for though he believed that it was the duty of some to respectfully, but firmly resist authority, he was against absolute rebellion. To him, the Church was truly the Bride of Christ, was Christ. But he was with Tyrrell till the very end, by his bedside when he died, advising a conditional last rites to be given to him. In his actions in behalf of his friends, his deep concern for them, there is the marvelous mobility of Jesus about him, the Jesus who defended the woman taken in adultery and told the story of the Prodigal Son.

Jesus

And Jesus was another basic fact in his life. In his books, there are passages of great beauty on Christ, passages which can only be the fruit of a long and loving occupation with His Person. We don't hear too much about Jesus today, not even in our Churches. And He is the one true vehicle of personality, the only means by which we can grow to be—whole men. Father Lombardi, in his *Crusade of Love*, speaks of the coming of the Era of Jesus. The Era of Jesus cannot come too soon, the Era of whole human beings.

In his writings, there are great concepts to be found, clothed in fresh, original elaborations: that

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How Much Government

(Continued from page 3)

Himself was? Alas, too often only among men like Silone, who has left the Church, men like Carlo Levi, or Communists like Lenin and Trotsky, whose early lives were spent in miserable prisons, and who contrived to continue to fight injustice in prison. Gandhi was also a sign of contradiction to authority, a contradiction that Christianity taught him, and he is one of the great men of history.

Ignazio Silone

In Silone's life, we see the growth of the social idea, as it evolved in some of the best minds and hearts of our times. Silone was editor of a labor paper which was taken over by the Fascists after the march on Rome. He went underground. His brother was caught and eventually beaten to death by the Fascists. For three years Mussolini's police hunted him throughout Italy, while he was sheltered from them by the peasants of his native Abruzzi, hidden for months in the mud and dung of cave stables. In 1931 he escaped into Switzerland. He was a member of the Communist party and from 1921 to 1927, he was a delegate to the Central Committee in Moscow. Two of his brilliant novels, *Bread and Wine*, and *The Seed Beneath the Snow*, tell the story of these underground years, and of Silone's steady opposition to Mussolini's dictatorship. I remember Charles Peguy writing that there are some of us who will have the heroism to break with one circle of friends for the love of justice, but very few who will again break from that new set of friends for the love of justice. Silone is one of these latter more heroic ones. For in the end he found it necessary to break with Communism, to leave the cause for which his youth had been spent, and for which he had lived like a hunted animal for three years with Mussolini's police at his heels. Can anyone say that the Communist cause had been a light one to him, or to any of the many such who since 1917 have spent as much of their lives in jail as out?

In the November issue of *Harper's Magazine*, Silone has written an article, "Farewell to Moscow." It is in another category from the speeches and statements with which some recent ex-Communists have headlined the newspapers, ex-Communists whose testimony is used to uphold Capitalist exploitation, or State Socialism, or Fascism, and hence remind me very much of a dog returning to his own vomit.

Silone writes: "The day I left the Communist party was a very sad one for me; it was like a day of deep mourning, the mourning for my lost youth. It is not easy to free oneself from an experience as intense as that of the underground organization of the Communist party. . . . "My faith in Socialism (to which I think I can say that my entire life bears testimony) has remained more alive than ever in me. In its essence, it has gone back to what it was when I first revolted against the old social order: a refusal to admit the existence of destiny, an extension of the ethical impulse from the restricted individual and family sphere to the whole domain of human activity, a need for effective brotherhood, an affirmation of the superiority of the human person over all the economic and social mechanisms which oppress him."

The Crucified Christ

In "The Seed Beneath the Snow," in a beautiful passage on the Cross, Silone writes with ironic humor of those who see the Cross as an upholder of the status quo, of authority—the Cross, to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Gentiles foolishness. Don Severino is speaking: "Over the altar of your parish church, Donna Palmira, there are written some words that mark the distance between Jesus and our conventional Christian customs: 'Oblatus est quia ipse voluit'—He sacrificed Himself of His own will; no one made Him

do it . . . love for love alone. From the point of view of Christian common sense, Donna Palmira, this enterprise of Jesus was sheer madness—and remember that the word 'madness' in reference to the Cross, has been used by many saints. There has never been and there will never be a more complete incongruity than that between the divinity of Jesus and the ignominious character of His death; we can therefore state with no exaggeration that His was the most extravagant and the maddest madness in the whole history of our planet. Is this the example that you would set before the youth of our country? . . . From whatever point of view an honest Christian may seriously meditate upon the Crucified Christ, he'll not be inspired to respect family ties or duly constituted authority, nor will he come across any useful hints for making a successful career . . . Think this over calmly, Donna Palmira, and then judge His life from the point of view of Christian prudence and conventional customs . . . The madmen of the Cross who manage to keep out of prisons and asylums take refuge in secret organizations."

Seed Beneath the Snow

And then that bitter, ironic, yet hopeful paragraph which gives the theme of the book. "The real enemy, the real danger to the State, to religion and good behavior is the man who has some self-respect and won't fall in with the rules of the game . . . Unfortunately I don't share your optimism; I don't think you'll ever succeed in uprooting this proud, rebellious plant, and, even if you do succeed, I don't think you can destroy the new seeds that here and there, no one knows where, perhaps in the places we least suspect, are already sprouting beneath the snow. There will always be men who are hungry not only for food but for justice, and in order to endure this sad life, they must have a little self-respect."

Those men who are hungry for justice as well as for food, must take the same sort of direct action here in America as has been started in Italy, to dissolve the concentrates of property in the hands of a few, rich men and corporations, to dissolve the concentrates of power in the hands of an all-encroaching State.

LETTERS

Dear Dorothy:

I'll join the Bethunes and the Careys in their campaign for simple funerals. The membership card should be a hand-made coffin.

For your information: embalming is not required by New York State law. In such cases, however, burial must follow within 72 hours of the death. A physician's death certificate must be filed with the community health officer before burial. Also, New York State law provides that 7 or more persons may form a private cemetery corporation, or, any person in a will or deed can dedicate land to be used for family burying ground. In both instances the cemetery must not be more than 3 acres—and must be 1,650 feet from dwellings unless consent is obtained. Let's be buried like men, without sham.

R. J. BURKE,
78 Dewey Ave.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Rt. 4, Box 382B
Birmingham
Alabama

Dear Catholic Worker:

I am in the apostolate for the Colored here in Alabama under the direction of Father Nathaniel of Holy Family Church in Ensely, Ala.

I am very much in need of used rosaries, medals, catechisms, etc. Can some of you and your friends help in this way and especially through your prayers?

Mary E. Todd

IN MEMORY OF EMMANUEL CHAPMAN

The drawbridge was up
guarded by a sleeping Samson
shorn of his hair
alone among influential friends

not hearing the wanderer
whose sounding horn broke
in feeble echoes on uncaring walls

the wanderer who loved
whom rejection
impenetrable to reason
pained

who in pain said
"I have seen
the sacramental universe
seen, understood"
and silent, oh so silent
dead
but seen.

II

The wanderer did not have peace of mind
peace of soul
but the anguish
that passeth understanding,
vibrantly embracing the individuated wonderment
the infinity of it,
embracing an Otherness so known, unknown . . .
in the infinity of the little,
the transcendent in the absurd . . .
rejected, so unrejectable

God.

The stream sought out her primal ocean
her strange origin;
while the city slept,
Found out Jehovah, the Hidden One.

III

A hero is not crucified
in civilized society
He is rationed in agonies
of pettiness, denied in trivialities
of protocol . . .
the thunder falls in dust
on uncaring walls . . .
unheeded by the abstract aloneness of the devout
devotedly so afraid of the blaze of God.

IV

What votive offerings can the dead bring to the living?
what can non-being bring to being?
We dead caught in the octopus arms of irony—
Have pity on us you that have seen.

Where buildings are pressed into the gathered vacancy
of dust
Where the Godgiven flame of life is mushroomed between
blue air and atomic earth

where the sluicing seas are garnering their treasury
of sadness
where the lonely ghosts of selfhood trail the tired wail
of the wind
we walk so circumspectly
the blind leading . . .

William J. Grace.

Von Hugel: A Lay Apostle

(Continued from page 5)

"God is a stupendously rich Reality," that "God is the author of, and God is variously reflected in, all (innocent) Nature as in all Supernature," that "God alone is fully free," that the Divinely intended End of our Life is Joy overflowing and infinite, a Joy closely connected with a noble asceticism." He envisions the Church, through Christ, the Incarnate God, running to gather up the truth built into the foundations of the world by the Unincarnate God (Aquinas appropriating Aristotle).

I close with a quote, from *The Life of Prayer*:

"I wish we could all vividly realize how all grave sin, actually committed by us, leaves—at least for and during this our earthly life—scars and limitations upon our souls, even after most generous penitence. Thus St. Augustine did not simply profit by his sins. They became, indeed, the occasions for a grand humility and for the keenest sense of the mercy of God. He became, in spite of his past sins, a greater Saint than is

many another saint whose sins were far fewer and far smaller. But Augustine the Sinner, even when he had become Augustine the Penitent, did not surpass, not even equal what—everything else being equal—would have been Augustine the Innocent. He would then, for instance, not have so closely grazed Agnosticism in his treatment of marriage. So, too, the noble founder of La Trappe, the vehement de Rance, did not simply profit all round by his former sins, heroically repented of though they were. His aversion to all critical historical work, as part of the lives of monks, is doubtless an excess, and an excess which forms part of the reaction from his former worldly life. Here, too, the model of all models is Jesus Christ Our Lord—Jesus, and not even St. Paul. Our Lord's Humanity really grows and grows "in favor with God and man" amidst real temptation. But Jesus commits no sin; nor is there any trace of a reaction from a sinful life, or indeed, from any single sin. And this Sinlessness does not spell weakness, but the fullest power."

Cross Country

(Continued from page 3)

on their farms to make their places communal farms on the Catholic Worker pattern. Their addresses: Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thornton, Herman, Pennsylvania or Mr. and Mrs. William Gauchat, Our Lady of the Wayside Farm, Avon, Ohio.

CHICAGO

At Chicago I was most hospitably received by the editors of the Catholic Student Magazine TODAY. Editor Lois Schumaker has spent last summer with us on Mott Street and is a treasured friend of the Catholic Worker. Robert Reynolds a recent graduate of Notre Dame University and a new editor of TODAY extended the hospitality of his home to me.

CALIFORNIA

Everywhere I went I was received like Christ, entertained with true Catholic Worker hospitality and speeded on my way with Homeric courtesy. I cannot list here the many people who were good to me but they know that they have a fond place in my memory and a permanent place in my prayers.

I am most anxious now to complete my long journey and to get busy at the work which I pray God will bless. I sincerely solicit the prayers of all of our readers. When I arrive in Oakland I shall be penniless but I hope not friendless. I will need all the friendliness and co-operation that the Catholics of the Bay area can offer. My purpose is to establish a House of Hospitality through which our friends may participate in performing the works of mercy for the benefit of the needy in that area. We hope that eventually the House of Hospitality at Oakland may become a center for all phases of Catholic Action and the Lay Apostolate. Every aid that any of the readers wishes to offer, information as to any available property, the means of obtaining use of the house or shelter, food and clothing, and money will be desperately needed and most appreciated by the time this goes to press. I recommend myself and the projected venture in California to the prayers of all of our friends.

CHARLES S. GEOGHEGAN

RETREAT

The smell of dung is strong
And hay is harsh upon the skin
For this we turn in short reprieve
To taste a pleasant smelling wind.

But our reprieve is long enough
To waft us perfumed to an inn
Where beds are softer, full of loves,
And canopied from falling Doves.

The smell of dung is strong
And hay is harsh wherein to lie.
For this we take our armor off
And lay us down to die.

Brother Kerran Dugan, C.S.C.

WORK

"The introduction of slavery began the divorce between the purpose of the work and the purposes of the worker. The Pyramids were built for the glory of the Pharaohs; the slaves who did the work had no share in the glory, and worked only from fear of the overseer's lash. Agriculture, when carried on by the slaves or serfs, equally brought no direct satisfaction to those who did the work; their satisfaction was only that of being alive and (with luck) free from physical pain.

"In modern times, before the Industrial Revolution, the diminution of serfdom and the growth of handicrafts increased the number of workers who were their own masters, and who could therefore enjoy some pride in what they produced. It was this state of affairs that gave rise to the type of democracy advocated by Jefferson and the French Revolution, which assumed a vast number of more or less independent producers, as opposed to the huge economic organizations that modern technique has created."

Bertrand Russell.

Seamen Disagree

(Continued from page 1)
 freedom and authority, of man's liberty and why he is concerned with it.

It is of more importance than the rubber and oil concessions in Indonesia, it is of more importance than daily bread or shelter and right to work which men are fighting for all over the world. Of more importance than the land the peasants are expropriating in southern Italy, week after week, over and over again.

These things are important too. Bread and Freedom go hand in hand; they are like body and soul. But throughout history, it has been illustrated and painted in blood—man's refusal to take one without the other.

At this writing, the Independent Caucus has failed in its attempt to maintain their own jobs in the union and to overcome Curran who is riding high now that he has ousted all communist officials (with the help of this same group of dissenters) and is now trying to fire all in the union who criticize him and are fighting for the rank and file. The situation is further complicated by the fact that there are 23,000 jobs less for seamen since the end of the war, due to undermanning, and ships being laid up or placed under foreign flags in order to escape paying high wages. The men themselves have said they are willing to spread jobs by a rotary system of hiring and other voluntary sacrifices. When there are eight thousand seamen on the beach in New York alone, the rank and file membership can be easily intimidated by the show of force called to the aid of Curran, and by the threat to take away their "books," without which they cannot ship out.

That there is such a fight going on during depression, and such a show of open opposition at a union meeting such as I attended last Thursday night, indicates both the courage of the men and the determination to continue the fight though at the present things seem to be against them.

According to a rank and file vote taken, under the auspices of the Honest Ballot Association, Curran carried the men with a great majority, two thousand or so as against six hundred. But it was admitted that bus loads of Curran supporters had been brought in from other ports, and hundreds of the opposition had been kept out of the meeting.

We had been invited in by the opposition faction, as a citizens' Committee, Norman Thomas, chairman of the Socialist party, Albert Herling, national president of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice, Dr. Robert Searle, executive secretary of the Human Relations Committee of the Protestant Council, Rev. Marshall Scott, dean of the Presbyterian Institute of Human Relations, George Rundquist of the American Civil Liberties Union and I, representing the Catholic Worker. We attended one meeting with Lawrenson (Curran refused to be present) another with Police Commissioner O'Brien at headquarters, and the third at St. Nicholas Arena where we sat for five hours, in a smoke filled hall, with few windows, packed with

3,500 men and we listened for five hours to talk of the union's constitution, explanation of the constitution, principles and procedure.

We were glad enough to do it. The meeting was thirty per cent colored, with Negro, Puerto Rican, Filipino, and others from eastern ports. There were all ages, all nationalities. They were all workers and what education they had they had gotten themselves. They listened with absorbed interest to the charges, and the answers to the charges, and the enunciation of principles. The men were charged with setting up an independent caucus and of conspiring against Curran. They admitted it. They were charged with collecting funds from the membership to support their work. They admitted that too. They defended themselves when they were accused of neglect of duty, and went into too much detail so that they wore out the listeners. In the end only four of the accused fourteen patrolmen were heard and the majority voted to vote on accepting the charges and the firing from office of the men.

The thing that struck me all through the long evening was the patience with the long meetings, the acceptance of the authority which they felt they themselves had set up, and their interest in the issues involved.

Over and over again in our time the revolution has been worked out in the name of the people. It is a time when the world is thinking of the worker, the man of the street, those who are producing, and the voice they are entitled to. We have seen one generation of soldiers after one war, fired upon, dispersed with tear gas, left unemployed and without benefits. And we have seen the next generation of soldiers ushered into universities and colleges throughout the nation, given their living and such rights as that of marriage taken into consideration in the support given. There is a great change in the times. Everything is being done to "buy" the people, to gain them for one point of view or another. Their importance from the material point of view is being recognized. As to the Catholic point of view, there is that of Guardini, one of the great Catholic thinkers of our times:

"The people is the primary association of those human beings who by race, country and historical antecedents share the same life and destiny. The people is a human society which maintains an unbroken continuity with the roots of nature and life and obeys their intrinsic laws.

"The people contains—not numerically or quantitatively, but in essential quality—the whole of mankind, in all its human variety of ages, sexes, temperaments, mental and physical condition to which we must add the sum total of its work and spheres of production as determined by class and vocation.

"The people is mankind in its radical comprehensiveness. And a man is 'of the people' if he embraces, so to speak, the whole within himself."

"Now I Am!"

"I should not speak of myself," writes Father Joseph Taffarel, S. J. "It is very bad manners, they say. But I cannot help it; I must do it."

"What kind of life are you living, Father?" someone asked me. "A hard one, to be sure, by far harder than I thought, yet it is worth living, for it is the very life our Lord Jesus Christ Himself lived when He was among men..."

Father Taffarel is a missionary in India. The people to whom he ministers live in a state of extreme destitution. "There are very few among them," he writes, "who can afford to get a full meal every day. As a rule, they start working in the morning without taking anything. They work half a day or a full day, according to circumstances (one can readily understand why their work is slow and inefficient—the wonder is how they can work at all). It is only in the evening, when they get their scanty wages, that they go to the shop, buy a handful of rice, a few chillies, a little salt, and then prepare their sumptuous meal..."

"Now when I come across daily such starving people and suffering children, my heart aches... how can I, the missionary, nay the Father, of such wretched people, treat myself well, let alone comfortably?... It was very hard in the beginning to get used to it, but what can one not get used to? I was not used to doing without coffee at all; now I am! I was not used to eating rice with water curry and nothing else; now I am! I was not used to living without bread, vegetables, fruits, meat, soup, milk, eggs and what not; now I am! I was not used to eating at any time or at no time; now I am! I was not used to crossing water, getting thoroughly wet and remaining so till the air or the sun, if any, dried up my clothes; now I am! (I never realized till now how disastrous it is to have short legs!) I was not used to sleeping without mattress and bed-sheets on the floor or a hard plank; now I am! This short account of the hardships of the missionary's life gives some idea of the wonderful power of divine grace. How good God is, and how well He takes care of His own!"

Anyone wishing to write to this missionary may address:

Rev. Joseph Taffarel, S. J.,
 Catholic Mission, Mattul P. O.,
 N. Malabar, India.

(Father Taffarel's appeal bears the imprimatur of A. M. Patroni, S. J., Bishop of Calicut.)

APPEAL

From Our Lady of the Wayside Farm at Avon, Ohio:—We are being dispossessed of Blessed Martin House in Cleveland unless we can raise, borrow or beg five thousand dollars. That is the asking price. After eleven years in one place it is a shock. What would you advise. We are leaving it to Blessed Martin.

What we would like is for some friend of the Worker to buy the building and let us continue to pay rent. No one would lose anything.

We have been so broke. Your reference to a large family trying to make ends meet struck home with the force of truth and experience. We owe three years' taxes on the farm, besides a few other bills. Our car, jalopy, is on its last cylinder. It just makes it to church on Sunday and makes too much noise doing that. If one could only live in voluntary poverty gracefully.

Industrial Dustbowl

(Continued from page 1)
 Ghost." The announcement of such a development made headlines clear across the nation, he says, "and the dark cloud was deepened by columnists, and by radio, pulpit and platform commentators. Evidence, of course, of the lasting shock of the great depression of the '30s. Economic security lies not



-no room-in the inn

in the stored granaries of biblical times; not in land, as in preindustrialized America; not in stocks and bonds, as so many thought in the 1920's, but in jobs. A job is the modern American's contact with the production facilities of the economy. If he has a job, he holds industrial citizenship; when he loses it he is an economic outcast, and his dependents suffer with him."

When Prof. Haber says that an increase of a million in the number of unemployed is not of major significance, he must mean it in the statistical sense, because a million workers and their dependents certainly occupy a position of major significance when we think of them as human beings. The 80,000 jobless veterans in Los Angeles are human beings, not just figures on a chart or a statistical table; so are the 12,000 unemployed in Muskegon, Michigan, who were formerly employed in the automobile parts industry of that city, most of whom are now trying to make a living by fishing in Lake Michigan. Arthur Tryon, executive director of the Los Angeles Veterans Service Center, says that veterans in that city "are being forced to enter schools against their will, better judgment or desire, as the only means of receiving subsistence which buys groceries for their families. Los Angeles continues to be the mecca for scores of veterans who journey here from all parts of the nation, but these men are not finding the city the 'heaven' it was when they were training or stationed nearby during the war years.

The Duty of Hospitality

"Then the men received free meals, lodging and other favors. A grateful citizenry was set on proving to the soldiers, sailors and marines that war had a beautiful side. Today, though, it is an entirely different story. There is no free lodging. In fact, there is very little lodging at all. And the people are too busily engaged in the problems of the community to have much

time left for friendliness." (Someone in Los Angeles should read Peter Maurin's plea for Houses of Hospitality in his book, "Catholic Radicalism.")

Many of the unemployed workers in Muskegon are men who went there from Southern States when Muskegon mushroomed during the war. Now they are stranded or "frozen" there because they are entitled to relief and other benefits which they would lose if they went elsewhere. Yet there are persons in Michigan who think these workers should "go back where they came from." A representative of the Muskegon Manufacturers Association, reporting to a meeting of the Michigan Full Employment Commission, stated that he thought it unlikely that Muskegon's surplus workers would be absorbed by industry in the area during the next few years. This is also true of the many thousands of unemployed workers in Michigan's copper mining counties. The United Auto Workers Union has begun organization of an "Unemployed Union," the function of which is to check relief payments, and presumably, when those payments are exhausted, to press for some type of supplementary relief. A writer in Fortune magazine says that Unions of the Unemployed were a feature of the '30's, and asks "Is the U. A. W. preparing for the '50's?" And William Haber, quoted above, might reply in the affirmative, for he says: "Is a serious depression, such as had its beginning with the stock market collapse in 1929, likely to take place in 1950, or 1951, or whenever the present shortages in housing and public works, in automobiles and household durable goods are met? Many people believe it to be inevitable. Most business men are certain that a serious decline will come early in the 1950's, a decline to a new base from which the next advance will begin."

The United States Employment Service made a survey of the 98 most important production centers and classified 36 as having a "very substantial labor surplus" last summer and fall. Three centers—Lawrence, Mass., Bristol, Conn., and Cumberland, Md., showed unemployment figures of more than 25%—one worker in four. The great concentration of unemployment is largely in New England, and in one industry, textile manufacturing. One result of the general decline in this industry may be a permanent shrinkage of its labor force by as many, possibly, as 150,000 hands.

One fact which stands revealed as a result of the U. S. E. S. survey and other studies is that there are now what appear to be seriously blighted industrial areas, such as Lawrence and Muskegon, to name only two, where no help is held for return to anything approaching former employment conditions. But the workers are remaining in those cities and towns for the reasons given above in the case of Muskegon, namely, the payment of relief, pensions and other benefits, all of which they would lose if they moved elsewhere. They are stranded in industrial dustbowl.

O WISDOM

Who proceedest from the mouth of the Most High, reaching mightily from end to end, and sweetly disposing of all things: COME! and teach us the way of prudence.

O ROOT

of Jesse, Who stands for a banner of the people, before Whom kings shall keep silence, and to Whom the Gentiles shall make supplication: COME! and deliver us and do not linger.

Knowledge

Dear Friend:

The whole October issue is particularly good. D. D. excellent on this monstrous masque the morticians make of death. (Is it really law that the embalmers have to mess around with us? Do get some lawyer-friend to look into this and publish his findings; whether it is the case in all states? Surely Carmelites and Trappists or Amish or Mennonites don't have all the fancy business forced on them? I'm all for the old "windingsheet" as a maximum and want very much to know exactly what is obligatory. If you find out anything please publish.) T. S.'s lovingly loyal and yet firmly critical piece, Ludlow, so much more peaceful in his pacifism and therefore so much more convincing than formerly, and the sound (and sad) article on the Seamen all made up an exceptionally good number.

I think what the women in Integrity meant about the audiovisual education was simply that it was going to turn into something as artificial and unrelated to life and as "bitty" as all the rest of our miserable learning, because it was just a fad of people who don't "see things whole." But its popularity proves that people realize how inadequate the present methods are. The real trouble is that there is too much school and not enough time (nor place) to live. Our whole vision of life ought to be forming all the time thru all the experiences of daily pursuits in farm and workshop; while school should be the supplement which permits us to coordinate and express our thoughts about life and therefore to understand those of other people. The whole of our lives is wrong, so of course one's schooling is wrong. I don't see anything short of completely chaotic conditions, which would mean starting from scratch practically, like the convent schools of the fifth and sixth centuries, to give the school new life. (Thank God He sees further than I do!)

I repeat, I warmly agree with everything you say, except the use of the words "the rational mind" in a disparaging sense on page five column two. I don't know whether it is legitimate to distinguish between "sweet reasonableness" and "ratiocination" but to me those two phrases exemplify attitudes of mind which are poles

apart. We need both intuition and sweet reasonableness, I think, as both are only flickering lights, but both are given us by God. (Chiefly what we need, I suppose, is humility in our use of both.)

I came on this passage this morning in a wonderful book, I am reading (not without difficulty tho' with much joy); the author is Charles de Kovinck, and he is talking of the intelligence of the angels: it judges without composition or division; it knows the reasons of things, the one within the other, without discursiveness (the french "sans discours" I'm at a loss to translate aright); it seizes intuitively and in a quasi-circular movement the essence from which it emanates and through the light of which it sees. Imitating God Who knows all things in a single universal kind, the pure spirits in proportion as they are closer to Him know the universe in ever fewer kinds. But when we look at the angelic hierarchy in the sense of increasing distance from the first intelligence the intuition of essence becomes poorer according to the imperfection of that essence and of the intelligence emanating from it. In order to know other things this intelligence needs ever more numerous ideas, its activity is more and more fragmentary; time constituted by the ever increasing procession of thoughts and desires is more and more atomized, the present is diffused and scattered into an ever more remote past and future. The intelligence is ever further removed from itself and from the other things it knows. At the limits of this degradation . . . "Ratio oritur in umbra intelligentiae." (Human reason rises in the shadow of intelligence — would that be right?) (The note to this says: Apud. S. Thomam In II Sent. d 3g.1, a.6c.) So you are proved right by high authority. . . . I think you'd like the book, which is called "Ego Sapentia," subtitled "la sagesse qui est Marie." I don't now whether it has been translated or not. I got mine for one dollar from the Librairie Garneau, Quebec. (Laval U. published it.)

Yours in Christ the King,
pray for
Marion Stanchioff,
Route 2, Frederick, Md.



Mary Whelan

Nightwork for Women

VIRGINIA ROWLAND

Only thirteen states have laws prohibiting nightwork for women over 21 in one or more industries. In four other states there are laws regulating nightwork in one or more industries. That means that out of 48 states, only seventeen have laws which concern nightwork for women.

In New York State nightwork is prohibited after 12 P.M. for women in factories, beauty parlors, restaurants, street and railways, telegraph services, as elevator operators, and under 21 in hotels. The New York state Federation of Labor appealed to the 1949 Legislature to restrict nightwork from 10 P.M. instead of 12 P.M. because such work is detrimental to a woman's health. The lack of sunlight, loss of sleep, destruction of home life, and moral hazards make such work undesirable. They have not yet won their request.

As a matter of fact, since the recent World War, nightwork laws were made less stringent instead of more stringent.

Nightwork legislation is the responsibility of the states. There is no federal law. The United States submits for consideration to the states the recommendations of the International Labor Organization on night work. The ILO feels that nightwork for women should be banned. However, it is noteworthy that 31 states have chosen to ignore the recommendations of this group.

Certain body functions like temperature, blood pressure, pulse rate, are known to vary in 24 hours. The temperature cycle is the easiest to measure. People who live normal daytime lives have temperature variations where the temperature rises during the day and falls at night. It is highest between 5-8 P.M. and lowest between 2-6 A.M.

If there was a complete inversion of the temperature cycle accompanying the reversal of living habits, nightwork would not be too unhealthy. Several experiments conducted by industrial doctors showed that the temperature cycle completely reversed itself for nightworkers who were doing physical work.

However, other experiments proved the opposite. H. Goldstein experimented with night shift nurses and found no complete inversion of their temperature cycles. He discovered that despite the same caloric intake as day nurses, they lost weight.

A Japanese scientist Ishikawa, conducted laboratory experiments and found there was an inversion of temperature but not a complete one. The temperature fell during the daytime sleep but did not rise during the night.

Dr. Teleky concluded that nightwork causes a tendency to or an inversion in the temperature cycle and the inversion is faster if the work is physical. During the period of inversion there is a physiological strain on the worker.

It is obvious that there are no final conclusions on whether there is an inversion of the temperature cycle. However, most industrial doctors declare it is impossible to effect a real reversal of habits and therefore a real inversion of temperature. Traffic noises, household sounds, responsibilities to the children, (for women workers) make it difficult to get daytime sleep. This lack of rest prevents the temperature inversion and induces extreme fatigue.

Nightwork was found to be productive of less output than daywork, according to a report of the British Health of Munitions Workers Committee. The U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics investigated this during the war and found that in 4 out of 6 factories studied, nightwork was less efficient. They also found that absenteeism was higher on the night shifts.

Effects of Nightwork

Writing for the Journal of the American Medical Association in 1944, Dr. Milton Kronenberg said the human mechanism is designed for and experienced in working by day and sleeping by night. He added that women appear to be more affected by nightwork than men.

Industrial physicians who were queried believed that nightwork was more harmful to women than men because women have to do housework after they get home. Married women with children suffer the most from fatigue. One doctor said, "Any woman who has to hold down a job and keep house in addition to her job is subjecting herself to extraordinary fatigue."

The women who work at night

A Call to Alms

Without approving the works of the Publican Our Lord did endorse his humble prayer for pardon, a prayer which in its posture, gesture, and plea, has been immortalized by the Confeitor of the Mass.

The inherent pride of the Pharisee, of course, destroyed the value of his self righteous prayer. But why did not his good works of fasting and tithing win the grace of light and contrition for him? Pope St. Leo the Great has given a clue to the failure of the Pharisee's fast. Said His Holiness to the people of Rome: "Fasting without almsgiving is an affliction of the body, rather than a cleansing of the soul. Let the fasting of the Faithful be the banquet of the poor." The Pharisee fasted, but he did not give to the poor the food he had saved by fasting.

He did however give tithes, that is a ten per cent tax levied by the Old Testament on certain parts of a man's property. In fact the Pharisee paid one-tenth of all his goods to the tithes collector. How could such magnanimity fall short of pleasing God? One answer can be found in the principle proclaimed by Jesus at the dinner to which He had been invited by a Pharisee: "Give that which remains as alms; and behold all things are clean to you" (Luke XI 41). For St. Thomas Aquinas (Summa Theologica, II II, Q. 87) this is Our Lord's command to His followers to give not merely tithes of their possessions, but to distribute all surplus goods to the poor.

To draw the line between necessary goods, and those "which remain," which are surplus, there is the directive of St. John the Baptist to the crowds who sought escape from Hell: "Let him who has two coats share with him who has none; and let him who has food do likewise" (Luke III, 11). In the same vein that great Bishop, St. Basil declared: "The bread in your box belongs to the hungry, the cloak in your closet belongs to the naked, the shoes you do not wear belong to the barefoot, the money in your vault belongs to the destitute."

These Christian standards were never more urgently applicable than in our time. Multitudes at home, and millions abroad cry for food, clothing, and shelter. Almost 50 million in China alone are clogging the roads, seeking escape from the ravages of war. Millions more in Europe and the Near East, as Displaced Persons or Expellees, like Lazarus, sore and hungry, snatch eagerly at the crumbs of help which we have let fall from our tables.

If we wish to give more than crumbs, if we wish to go beyond the tithes and fasts of the Pharisee, the Bishops of this Country have taken upon themselves the burden of transmitting our surplus goods to the millions of mankind who beg for the necessities of life. The instrument of a merciful Hierarchy, Catholic War Relief Services, located in the Empire State Building, is always at your service to distribute your surplus goods for the necessities of the poor.

FR. MICHAEL DEACY.

face social dangers such as the loss of home life, improper care of the children, etc. It is unhealthy for them physically and morally. There is always the possibility of assault or insult late at night on dark streets. When transportation facilities are poor, the women are afraid.

It seems to me that if we want to eliminate nightwork we have to eliminate its causes. Women who work nights are driven to it by the high costs of food, clothes, housing and the low wages of their husbands. When we get just prices, and just wages, these women will stay home. Meanwhile there should be a federal law regulating or prohibiting nightwork. It is about time that more attention was paid to this problem.

Interracial Monastery

This is part of the epistle which has been presented to the Holy Father by the Bishop of Martinique:

Struck by the spiritual needs of the colored race . . . I have been led to consider the foundation of a monastery for that race, which would in turn found others. The Rt. Rev. Prior of St-Benoit-du-Lac (Canada) consented to send me an experienced monk, who was for a long time himself superior and master of novices. I have placed at the disposition of the founder their former property of the seminary college of St. Pierre, which was destroyed by the eruption of Mt. Pele' in 1902. It counts at present fifteen subjects; twelve of whom are colored.

The observance is nearly like that of the Benedictine Congregation of France. The postulants receive the same instructions as those of the above named Congregation, with the study of the Old Testament in addition; which is necessary because the community is surrounded by the Adventists. The whole office is sung . . . On account of the climate and lack of resistance here (due to undernourishment, etc.) it has been necessary to reduce to the minimum the usual monastic austerities. Fasting and abstinence are like that of the diocese. The monastery, in spite of its youth, has a great influence. Every evening there is for the public the recitation of the Rosary and singing of the hymns. The monastery publishes the "Leaflets of the

Blessed Virgin" which go all over the island. Besides, the monastery is a centre of pilgrimage—the whole community receives the pilgrims, prays and sings with them and renders them all the services which fraternal charity supposes.

If you wish this kind of a monastery to be established in your country in a few years, help us with men and money. Remember the great crimes of the white race, in taking the Negroes by force from their homes—think of the immense reparation which you owe the colored race and which will never be sufficient. You, colored men, contribute to the liberation of yours and their ascent to God . . . Father Crenier-O.S.B. St. Pierre-Martinique-French West Indies.

Appeal

Would it be at all possible to give space in your next issue of the Catholic Worker to this appeal for help. The persons here are sending chiefly to Germany as so many of them have relatives there. There are no Hungarians that I know of who live here. I thought if they saw the appeal in your paper, they would be willing to help these sisters.

The Reverend Sister Mathilde
Sister of Social Service
XIV Thokoely Ut 69
Budapest, Hungary

It is easier to send used clothes to Hungary. The IKKA parcels can be ordered from the American Fuel Trading Co., 300 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

BOOKS

On Pilgrimage
by
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by
PETER MAURIN

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Order from

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